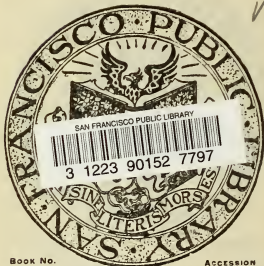




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CALIFORNIA IN 1837.

Diary of Col. Philip L. Edwards

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF A TRIP TO THE
PACIFIC COAST.

PUBLISHED IN "THEMIS" BY AUTHORITY OF THE BOARD
OF STATE LIBRARY TRUSTEES OF THE
STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

SACRAMENTO:
A. J. JOHNSTON & Co., PRINTERS.

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CALIFORNIA IN 1837.

[REPRINTED FROM VOL. II THEMIS.]

Some years ago, was acquired by the State a manuscript diary of the old explorer, J. W. Edwards, that contained a narration of the events that transpired on an overland trip he made to this coast in 1837. Judge John W. Armstrong, General Jo Hamilton and the late James C. Goods were instrumental in securing this valuable acquisition to the State Library. They were at that time members of the State Library Board. The manuscript, from time, has become faded and dim; that it will be preserved, by resolution of the Trustees of the State Library, it has been placed in our hands for publication.

Colonel Edwards was a prominent lawyer and a scholarly gentleman, and his observations of this then almost unknown country we esteem of incalculable value. After his return he published a pamphlet descriptive of California; it was prophetic of the future, we of to-day are witnesses of the realization of what he pictured.

Colonel Edwards was a native of Kentucky, born in 1812, and after his early visit to California returned to the East. He was then admitted to the bar, elected to the Missouri Legislature in 1843, chosen a delegate to the Whig National Convention in 1844, located in Sac-

ramento in 1850, ran unsuccessfully upon the Whig ticket for Congress in 1852, and was a prominent candidate for United States Senator in 1855. He was a leading member of the bar of this city, and died here May 1, 1869.

We have known of the existence of this volume for several years, and present its contents through the courtesy of the Board of Library Trustees, which we deeply appreciate. The resolution of the Board is as follows:

WHEREAS, The MSS. presented to this Library by P. L. Edwards, Esq., giving an account of an expedition in California in 1837, is a valuable acquisition to the State Library; and whereas, The attention of this Board has been directed to the fact that the ink is fast fading, destroying the usefulness and value of the work; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Librarian Perkins be, and he is hereby authorized to negotiate with some newspaper publisher and have the same printed, and to have the files of said newspaper bound for this Library.

The diary of Colonel Edwards is as follows:

Friday, 14 January, 1837. At night the formation of the Wallamette Cattle Company was completed at campment Des Sable.

Monday, 17 Jan'y. Took leave of the Mission, and at 3 o'clock P. M. left campment Des Sable, in company with Messrs. Young, Hauveherst, Carmichael, Bailey, Esquette and Des Pan. Camped nearly opposite the mouth of Pudding river. Rained nearly all night, and having no tent slept uncomfortably.

Tuesday, 18 Jan'y. Set off at sunrise, and with much difficulty got our canoe past the Wallamette

Falls about 1 o'clock P. M. About 2 o'clock finished our breakfast, and renewed our journey. About sunset camped at an old house formerly occupied by Mr. Lucia. Nearly the whole day a cold rain was falling. My feet were all day in water, and having to work, I of course could not keep myself wrapped up. Even my shirt was drenched and I was so benumbed that it was with difficulty I could exert myself in getting the baggage ashore.

Wednesday, 19th. At sunset reached the brig *Loriot*, anchored about a mile and a half below Wappoto island. Camped on shore. After dark Mr. Slocum arrived from Fort Vancouver.

Thurs., 20th. Our party remained on shore. Capt. Bancroft and Mr. Lee arrived from Fort Vancouver, about 8 o'clock at night.

Friday, 21st. Put our outfit on board and all embarked.

Saturday, 22d. At 9 o'clock A. M. the party and crew being called to the quarter deck, Mr. Lee prayed for the Divine blessing to attend us all; after which the anchor was weighed and we began to drop down the Columbia. Anchored at night off Oak Point.

Sunday, 23. About 10 o'clock A. M. ran aground above Sand island. In about two hours, with the favor of the tide, again got under way. At night anchored in Gray's Bay, near Tongue Point.

Monday, 24. Fine breeze. Passed Fort George about 10 o'clock A. M. Hardly had I caught a distant and shadowy view of Neptune's restless domains,

when the mischievous and frolicksome old monarch, began to exhibit his ruling passion by gently wresting from the poor, hapless land lubber's stomach its contents, and infusing his sickening influence through his whole system. And forsooth little is the sympathy which the sufferer excites. Twice I vomited and twice the risibles of those around were excited. Mr. Birnie, from Fort George, came off in a canoe and joined us. With a fine breeze swept down to Baker's bay, and anchored in the horse shoe near Cape Disappointment, at one o'clock P. M. Capts. Brotchie and McNeal had been here for near a month, the latter twenty-eight days. Went ashore with Capt. Brotchie and ascended the Cape. Those fervid emotions which I had anticipated would attend my first gaze over the vasty deep did not arise. Seasickness is an infallible remedy to poetic fancies. As I stood on the bold promontory and gazed over the mightiest ocean of earth; the broad and majestic river was behind me; on my right and left the frightful breakers, bursting and thundering. Had the vagaries of fancy, too sanguine expectations, divested the scene of interest, or did indisposition repress, in a good degree, pleasurable emotions?

Tuesday, 25. Went with Mr. Slocum to the Indian village at the mouth of Chinook river. Missing the proper channel we were in some danger in crossing the bar.

Friday, 28. At night the wind blew a storm which

threatened our safety. With a second anchor we held our place.

Sat., 29, and Sun., 30. At sunrise the wind abated. At night it again blew a storm from the S. E. At 2 o'clock in the morning our cable parted. A second anchor was immediately thrown out. A signal gun was fired, but not heard on account of the roar of winds and seas. The flash of the powder, however, being seen by Capts. McNeal and Brotchie, they ventured off to us with much danger, but said they could render us no assistance. About sunrise our second and last cable parted. The kedge was immediately slipped, and we drove before the wind. It was thought we could not drive ashore anywhere besides in shoal water, and therefore had little prospect of continuing our voyage. Fortunately we gained a favorable spot. Two ropes were employed to keep the vessel from driving further aground—one to a stump in the water, and the other to a tree on shore. Here the vessel lay beating the sand until the recision of the tide, when she became quiet. We now observed that we had narrowly escaped striking upon snags and stumps of trees, which were covered by the water when the tide was up. Our party encamped on shore. An anchor and kedge were borrowed from the other vessels in the bay. About 3 o'clock, with the return of the tide and a heavy gale of wind, we worked out into the open bay. While the old brig was laboring and tugging, and as I fancied, seriously threatening to try it on her beam-ends, Capt. Brotchie's boat was swamped (him-

self and part of his crew were assisting us). She was, however, rescued before the tackle by which she was fastened to the ship broke. Meantime the plug in the *Loriot's* boat came out, and she was near filling. The wind not allowing us to get into a more secure place, we were forced to anchor as soon as we had gained five fathoms water. The tide falling, we again saw that we had narrowly missed stumps and snags; for they were scattered plentifully between us and shore. Our situation to-night is anything but enviable. If our cable fail again, with the wind from the same direction, we must certainly be driven aground far from shore, perhaps a half a mile or a mile, and heavy surf is breaking all along the beach.

Monday, 31. Capt. Bancroft set off for Vancouver to procure anchors. In the afternoon accompanied Mr. Slocum to Chinook village. The tide being low, we were forced to pull the boat with our hands about a hundred yards over the bar, where we had formerly been endangered by the breakers. In going out, however, we took the channel, and avoided wading and pulling.

Friday, 4 February. Beat down to the lower part of the bay, and anchored in a more secure place. Slept ashore.

Wednesday, 8. On account of our detention we were apprehensive that our stock of provisions would not be sufficient. The bateau in which Capt. Bancroft had arrived the day before returning to Fort George to procure one of the anchors she had left

there, it was thought advisable that I should go in her. Supposing that their stock of rum was not adequate to their demand, one of the boatmen prudently exchanged his blanket with an Indian for a bottle full. This prudential bargain was, no doubt, made to secure the continuance of their happiness, for they were already as happy as ever drunkenness could well make them. Under this favorable omen we set out. As we passed one of the vessels (the *Nexside*) the supercargo, not being advised of our supply, kindly treated our crew to a glass each. Before we had reached the swells off Chinook bar, the singing of the boatmen had ceased, and they began to exhibit their combative propensities by dropping their oars, pulling off their clothes, swearing most bravely, striking their clenched fists together, and occasionally falling backwards off their seats. While we were tossing on the swells, one more heroic than the rest, threw his oar overboard as preparatory to a pugilistic encounter. It was, however, recovered by the sternsman, who was less intoxicated than the rest. Fortunately, their spirits had a little evaporated before we reached Chinook Point. The passage here is between the spit outside and the breakers on the beach. In the passage itself there were heavy swells and occasional breakers. A little imprudence here might probably have saved me the trouble of writing my escape. The breakers several times broke over the bow, in which I was seated, but without any other injury than wetting my clothes. When we reached Chinook village the wind was

deemed too high to venture across. The boat was, therefore, drawn up on the beach. I was invited by one of the principal men of the village to go into his house. He spread a neat mat for me to sit on, asked me if I was hungry, and beating up some dried sturgeon between two stones set it before me. What means all this, thought I. I have not been accustomed to such hospitality from the Indian. Verily, mused I, this presents a redeeming feature in the Indian character! or, perchance, this household is more than mediocre, a rare instance of kindly sentiment amid a mercenary and sinister race. Here, a few shadowy dreams of the patriarchs intervened. Perhaps, I continued, these poor creatures are not really defective in—"Halo tum, shixt?" here interrupted my agreeable musing. (No rum, friend?) I replied, "none." They pointed to the boatmen who were drinking. I said they were not my people. But neither abuse of rum nor the declaration that I had none could give satisfaction. In about an hour and a half, the wind having partially abated, we prepared to cross the river. One old man who had been very officious in assisting to draw the boat upon the beach on our arrival, had sued to satiety for rum, and had fallen asleep from disappointment and vexation. Another angrily refused my hand at parting, saying I "was not good." The one who had invited me to the house continued friendly to the last. Perhaps it would do injustice to attribute all his kindness to motives as humble as those certainly were which influenced the kindness of the ma-

jority. Two of our boatmen were too much intoxicated to proceed in the boat, and were left lying senseless as brute could wish in the Indian house. There were now three men in the boat and myself. Proceeding a half mile from shore we raised a sail, and though there was considerable sea, reached the south of the river without much difficulty, just below Fort George Point. About sunset reached Fort George, thankful to have escaped the dangers with which I had been menaced.

Thusday, 9. Set out at half past 11 A. M., with Mr. Birnie in his canoe, and after a pleasant passage, reached the ship about 4 P. M. The bateau took in the men who had been left the day before.

Friday, 10. At sunrise Capts. McNeal and Brotchie having ascended the cape to ascertain the practicability of going out, pronounced the bar favorable. The three vessels immediately weighed anchor and sailed, the *Loriot* bringing up the rear. Wind and tide being favorable, we were soon floating on the blue, vasty deep, the bar being almost as smooth as the ocean outside which, indeed, was not the smoothest. Winds and seas increased, and consequently seasickness.

Saturday, 11. At 8 o'clock this morning the brig *Laura*, which left us yesterday, appeared in the dim distance and swept down upon us with that grandeur which I had imagined a fine vessel under full sail would show, but which I had never before witnessed. At 10 o'clock she came up with us, and after

exchanging salutations bore on her magnificent flight, now sinking, and anon mounting the combing billows, until she seemed to mingle in the dim shadows of the horizon. And is there, thought I, no fairy land beyond? How much is there to palliate the enthusiasm of voyagers before geographical knowledge had attained its present extent! During the night the sea was boisterous, the pumps frequently in action, a sound to which my ears were very averse.

Sunday, 19. This morning were in sight of Fort Ross, the Russian establishment. At 8 o'clock fired a gun, which was answered by one from the fort. About 10 o'clock Mr. Slocum set off in the boat for the fort. About an hour after two men in a skin canoe came to us. One of them was our pilot. Two others which were coming off were turned back by Mr. Slocum. About sunset the wind, which had been calm during the day, began to blow a strong breeze from S. E., and continued until nearly day, when it shifted to N. W. How sick; how melancholy! Notwithstanding the rain I could stay no where but on deck, unless I was sleeping. The wind was too strong for us to lie to, consequently we were driven out to sea; when the wind veered to N. W. we were able, however, to change our course.

Monday, Feby. 20. A pleasant morning. Land in sight, though there was fog. With a favorable breeze entered Port Bodego at 9 o'clock. Once more I am on my own element. What a repulsive passage. Tempestuous and cold! sick and melancholy! Per-

haps no period of my life has been less calculated to give happiness. But peace! God is merciful and I am safe! The climate here is delightful. The ground is green and the hills and mountains clad in verdure to their summits.

Tuesday, 21st. Mr. Slocum and Don Pedro, the commandante of the Russian establishment, came aboard.

Wednesday, 22. Our party and outfit disembarked.

27th. Most of our party and baggage went to Capt. Cooper's mill.

28th. Early this morning Mr. Young and myself embarked in the *Loriot* for Port San Francisco. The wind being low at night we were off Pointe De Reyes. At night the wind springing up and the captain being unacquainted with the coast, the vessel lay off and on during the night. The weather pleasant and myself not so sick as usual.

Tuesday, 29 Feb'y. This morning found ourselves drifting between the Farallone Islands and Sir Francis Drake's Bay, having made little advance during the night. During the day but little wind. At 4 P. M. it became so feeble that we found ourselves drifting with the tide towards shore in Drake's Bay. There was a short distance below us a reef of rocks which extended as far up as we were. An anchor was thrown out in 13 fathoms water and after letting out 80 fathoms of chain, our bow was in 9 and our stern in 7 fathoms water. In this unenviable situation night set in with a heavy wind from S. S. E. and rain. Tremendous seas

were breaking over our bows, and it was pretty evident even to the inexperienced land lubber that we would not weather it until morning. The violent motions of the vessel had induced so violent a headache that I was fain to retreat from this scene of terror to the cabin. Spreading my pallet on the cabin floor, I fell in a slumber. At 9 o'clock I was aroused by a frightful crashing on deck, and the cry that the cable had parted. All were immediately on deck to assist in throwing out the second anchor, when, to our great satisfaction, we ascertained that only the windlass had capsized. The captain now calling his officers to the quarter deck declared the ship in danger. Should the larger cable fail, there was, he said, not hope that the smaller would hold. That therefore the only hope of saving the people was in running the vessel aground in a small bay to the northward, which might possibly be effected, if the reef to the N.W. which was discernable by the breakers on it did not prevent, and that we were now probably on the continuation of the reef. With the same wind there was, he said, no hope of retaining our hold, for the seas would continue to increase. Unless the wind shifted we must therefore be ready for the worst, and the harsh grating of the chain as a furious sea dashed over the ship's bow and washed her decks, as if frantic to impel us towards the frightful reef, augured his apprehensions too rational. But that kind Providence who had "clothed and fed us all our lives long" did not forsake us. Before 10 o'clock the wind had changed to the N.W., and at 10 we began to

draw up our anchor, which, the windlass being useless, we were forced to do with tackles. It is peculiarly trying to labor unsuccessfully when life, perhaps, depends upon its issue. It was, however, our fate. The old tackles parted three or four times, and consequently we must lose chain before it could be arrested. In three hours, however, of tugging at the tackles, the anchor was got up and sails unfurled. It required the entire force on board, and my blistered hands could attest my own exertions. The decks were so slippery from the rain that they were necessarily sprinkled with sand, and even then many were our slips and a few falls. Hardly had we got under way, when the stupid Sandwich Islander at the helm, either through inattention or fright, brought the vessel about. She was, however, soon brought right again, and in a few minutes we were considered safe. The sternsman, who was so near putting us in new troubles, was punished on the spot. But the propriety of whipping a man under such circumstances I think more than questionable. First, let danger blow past and passion abate. A man smarting and indignant from castigation will be less disposed to do his duty as well as less collected. We now sailed on the east of the Farallone Islands. There are two of them, small and barren, with sunken rocks between.

Wednesday, 1 March. This morning were sailing with a fine wind in sight of the entrance of the Bay of San Francisco. Outside of the entrance there is considerable sea. There is here a bar, sometime a little

troublesome. The entrance is about a half mile wide. The fort which once commanded the entrance is very eligible, but is now entirely neglected. Messrs. Slocum, Brotchie, Birnie, Lees, and Richardson, Captain of the port, were here waiting our arrival, and came off to us in a boat. At one o'clock P. M. anchored in Whaler's Harbor, on the north side of the bay.

Thursday, 2 March. After breakfast the *Loriot* sailed for Monterey; on board Messrs. Slocum, Birnie, Lees and Young. The latter goes to get an interview with Gen. Vallejo on the subject of driving out cattle. I came off with Capt. Brotchie and Richardson to the *Laura*.

9 March. Rode with — Farwell to examine the Presidio and fort. These buildings were erected, I was told, about fifty-five years ago for the accommodation of the Spanish garrison. The Presidio is a building, the walls of adobes and the roofs of tiles, enclosing a square area, the sides of which are perhaps three hundred feet long. Since the expulsion of the Spaniards in the revolution, the place has been going to ruins. One entire side is fallen and parts of the others. All of the outer buildings, of which there were many, are now fallen except one. It is now inhabited by a half dozen families, too indolent to do anything to arrest the progress of decay. A sort of military burlesque is here still supported at times. I found the fort which once commanded the entrance of the bay in the same ruinous condition. Some of the cannon bore inscriptions dated A. D. 1648. Ruins,

however diminutive, are melancholy mementoes of human blindness and folly. These humble ruins, thought I, vie not with those more extensive and magnificent found in the old world, but are equally indicative of debased propensities. I am not gazing upon the ravages of war. These are simply the ravages of time—of a little time! A little circumspection and industry would have averted all. But so it is. One American colony, supposing itself aggrieved, has dissolved its connection with its transatlantic parent, and assumed a "separate and equal station"—has risen to grandeur and happiness; another, without the same causes of complaint, and without the essential qualifications in itself, ventures upon the same experiment, and sinks down into an anarchy more abhorrent than despotism. Spotted mares are generally broke in and much esteemed on the following account: All the horses of a band follow her, attracted by her peculiarity of color, and are not so likely to stray abroad. Horses are here made to work by a leather thong fastened to the draught and round the pommel of the saddle, so that all the draught is upon the girth. Thus tackled, the driver mounts his horse, not doubting but he takes the world in the easiest manner. Everything possible is here performed on horseback. If a man drive oxen he must ride.

Sat. 10. Mr. Young, Mr. Birnie and Mr. Lees returned from Monterey. Gen. Vallejo declines having anything to do in giving us permission to drive out cattle; says that it is the prerogative of the civil Governor. The latter is at Santa Barbara.

Monday, 12 March. Gen. Guadaloupe Vallejo came aboard the *Laura*; was saluted with five guns, and on taking leave, with a like number. Mr. Young sets out to-morrow or next day for Santa Barbara.

April 5th. Crossed the bay of San Francisco to Whaler's Harbor in the *Laura*. Here she anchored. Dr. Marsh, Padre Quihas, Mr. Birnie, myself and a drunken crew proceeded in a boat to Mr. Reed's farm. The tide being low, a part of us were forced to land and walk about 4 miles. Dr. M. alone remained in the boat with the crew. A drunken being, Long Jim, was unable to carry a bundle of goods, and was indebted to me for carrying a part, which by no means contributed to my comfort. About three-quarters of an hour after dark we reached the farm thoroughly fatigued. A substantial supper was set before us as soon as it could be prepared. Mr. Reed being absent, the Padre, of course, became first in authority. He freely circulated several bottles of wine which had been presented him at Yerba Buena, saying it was given him and he would distribute as freely. As I sat in a house of antique construction, looked upon the primitive manners of the Father, the unaffected hospitality of our hostess and the convivial hilarity of all, feudal recollections passed rapidly through my mind. I felt myself transported back to former centuries and mingling in the transactions of an age that is past. Truly, this people seemed to be, as Santa Anna said of them, "a century behind the rest of Christendom."

6 April. Padre Quihas having procured horses,

about 9 o'clock we set out for San Rapheal, and remained there that and the ensuing day, being treated with that free and cordial hospitality which we may well conceive to have prevailed a hundred years since in Europe. This mission is poor and decaying. The buildings, though spacious, are very rude and inconvenient. It was originally a rancho of the Mission of San Francisco. About forty years since it became a separate mission, under the superintendence of a very strict Padre. So punctilious was he of wasting anything that, I am told, he would not suffer the tools used in erecting the buildings to be ground. The mission, I believe, numbers about nine hundred Indians. The stock has been in a good measure divided among the Indians on their little farms. But they are so extravagant that it is thought they will soon have none unless taken from them, as has been done at other missions.

8 April. Dr. Marsh, James Black, and myself set out for Cooper's Mill, and camped between it and J. Martin's.

Sunday, 9. Reached the mill 11 o'clock.

Tuesday, 11. Returned with the two Indian boys and Gay and Bailey as far as Martin's farm.

Wednesday, 12. Reached San Raphael and remained the thirteenth.

Friday, 14. Crossed the Bay with Mr. Thompson.

Wednesday, 8 May. Took passage in the ship *Sarah and Caroline*, Capt. Steele, for Monterey, anchored in Whaler's harbor.

Thursday, 9. Worked out of the bay and at night lay off Santa Croix, which it was intended to enter but it was too late when we reached there. The barque *Kent* also lay near us.

Friday, 10. Reached Monterey about 11 o'clock.—was moderately seasick on the passage.

Sat., 11. Went ashore and took my lodging at the house of Mr. Spence, where I was treated with much politeness.

Sunday, 12. Mr. Young came into Monterey, having returned from Santa Croix on his way from the south to San Francisco. His horses were left at Santa Croix. He has, after much difficulty, got permission to drive out seven hundred cattle under the condition that we purchase them from the government—that is, cattle of the missions on which the authorities have unjustly seized. The Governor, not willing to assume the responsibility himself, laid the matter before the deputation then in session. The latter, after some debating, refused permission. On a second attempt, however, the motion carried. And all this *rumpus* on account of an old colonial law yet unrepealed, which forbids the exportation of male and female animals from the colonies. It is due to Gen. Vallejo and Gov. Alvarado to say that they exerted their influence in opposition to this narrow policy, as also did the Padre Presidente, not as one of the deputation but by his private influence with its members. Monterey is extremely irregularly laid out—if, indeed, it can be said to be laid out at all. The presidio here is going to

ruins. Business is almost stopped. Everything bears the marks of confusion and anarchy.

Monday, 13. At 3 o'clock P. M. left Monterey with Mr. Young and Dye. Slept at the Salinas.

Tuesday, 14. Having no horse, bought one which was young and badly broken. Being unwell, I was thoroughly tired before reaching Dye's still-house, about five miles from Santa Croix. Passed in sight of this place, but not near enough to examine its buildings. At night had a high fever. Took a dose of salts. Never perhaps have I been so tired from a day's ride.

Wednesday, 15 May. Remained at Dye's, branding horses.

Thursday, 16. Traveled a very narrow and mountainous road. Drove our horses with difficulty. Camped about 8 miles from the Pueblo de Santa Clara, now sometimes called the Pueblo de Alvarado.

Friday, 17. Took breakfast at the Pueblo and proceeded as far as the Pulgas Rancho (Rancho de Pulgas) or rancho of flees.

Saturday, 18. Reached Herbo Bueno.

Thursday, 24. Mr. Young crossed the bay to see Gen. Vallejo, who was appointed agent of the government in selling us cattle.

Saturday, 26. Oneal, Turner, Despau and Erquette came across the bay.

29 May. Mr. Young returned from San Solano, having purchased seven hundred cattle at \$3.00 per

head, to be received 200 at a Rancho of San Francisco and 500 at the Mission of San Jose.

1 June. Took leave of Herbo Bueno and camped $\frac{1}{2}$ league beyond the Mission of San Francisco. Calling at the Mission to see the Administrador, he used every means to evade giving us 170 cows and 30 bulls, wishing to inverse the numbers, saying that his Mission was due that of San Solano that number of cows and bulls. Mr. Young returned to get the orders translated and proved it to be correctly written.

Friday, 2d. Mr. Young returned, the Administrador having consented to comply with the order. Passed a very difficult road to a rancho about 25 miles to the S.W. on the sea coast.

Sun., 4 June. Moved about a league to another corral.

Wednesday, 7. We have been detained here until this morning. The Administrador has been collecting cattle. Some have been confined in the corral since Monday morning without food or water. We however got off this morning by paying the Administrador 1 rifle \$30.00 value, 6 shirts \$2.50, and \$20.00 cash, to be divided, as he alleged, among his Indians. The whole was, however, an exaction he had no right to make, it being the custom of the country for the vender of cattle to assist in driving them off the rancho. For the above consideration he insured our number as far as a rancho called St. Martin's, being a small peninsula on which the cattle were easily guarded, and as we afterwards learned a part of the Mission land. No fresh

water under a half league—cold and windy—cattle suffering much from thirst, and drinking salt water.

Thursday, 8. Left early this morning—had difficulty in counting the cattle. Mr. Y. had a sharp altercation with the authorities. Retained but five men to assist us, whom we dismissed within nine miles of Santa Clara. The others had been dismissed at the Rancho of the Pulgas. One dollar to each of them we retained. Reached the Mission of Santa Clara at dark, with the loss of three cattle which had tired out, and with much difficulty got our cattle into the corral. Ate nothing all day. A couple of reals procured us a little brush by which we raised a little fire and broiled a little wretched, partly dried meat. Slept in the corral with our animals, a partition separating us and the horses from the cattle.

Friday, 9. Started before sunrise. Passed the Pueblo de Alvarado, and a half mile beyond allowed our animals about three hours to feed. Camped at the rancho of Don Higare, having with much difficulty got permission to put our cattle in the corral, his Donship being drunk. Just before sunset, as some of the men were driving the cattle towards the corral, they took fright, and were with much difficulty got back and driven into the corral. Three or four were probably lost. Ate nothing during this toilsome and perplexing day, except a few morsels of bread at the Pueblo.

Saturday, 10. Moved early, stopped for breakfast about a mile beyond the Mission of St. Joseph's, and

reached the rancho of Robert Livermore, 16 miles distant.

Sunday, 11. Guarded the cattle. Mr. Young returned to the Pueblo.

Moved 16 miles to an old thrown-down corral—partly repaired it. Guarded the cattle at night.

Tuesday, 13. With an elk and bullock skin tied up the corral.

Sunday, 18. Went to a valley within a half mile of San Jose and encamped.

Tuesday, 22. This morning received the 500 cattle due from this Mission. It has been the desire of the Administrador to collect up all the wild cattle possible for us. While making his collections, those first put in the corral have been starving, some of them seven days without either food or water, except when guarded out a few minutes at a time. Some were so feeble from starvation and others so crippled from rough usage, that we left eleven unable to travel the first league. The Administrador agreed to supply these at the Mission sheep pasture; but when we reached there, he said the cattle had all gone off, and now we must either return to the Mission or take an order on some rancho on our way. We did the latter, as it was impossible for any of us to leave our band. About sunset reached a lake or bulrush pond, where we guarded the impatient cattle on horseback all night, half of us guarding while the others slept. Last night I rode to Livermore's, 16 miles, after sunset, and returned by sunrise this morning—was on horseback all day and

half the night. One young cow being crippled, tired out, and being fat, was killed a league from camp, and partly eat for supper.

Friday, 23. Moved early—ate breakfast at Livermore's. At dark reached the corral where our other cattle were, and with much difficulty got them into the corral. Of the 200 cattle left here only about 118 remain. They broke out of the corral last night. Tonight we were forced to use the utmost vigilance to prevent them from breaking out—did not lie down to sleep until a half hour before day, having been all the time walking about the corral.

Saturday, 24. In the afternoon moved about a mile to an open plain, where they can be guarded more securely.

Sunday, 25. Moved 16 miles and camped on a slough of the San Joaquin.

3 July. Started to the Pueblo; was there the 4th, fifth and sixth; returned to camp.

20 July. This afternoon finished swimming the cattle across the San Joaquin, at which we have been engaged since the 12th. A corral had previously been made on the bank to prevent the cattle from scattering abroad. On the 12th we drove them in, and immediately made an effort to drive the cattle across, but the water being deep at the going in, they took fright and refused to swim. We now caught a few calves, and, towing them across with skin lassos, succeeded in driving their mothers across also, a few heifers only following. On the 13 we made up our minds for a

desperate effort. In the morning, mustering all our force, we determined to make an energetic effort to do what all perhaps augured a hopeless experiment. With about seven hundred wild cattle in the corral, we got on our horses and began the attack. Being unsuccessful, we dismounted and tried on foot; still in vain. We now, with logs, brush, etc., made another fence, dividing the corral, and driving the cattle into smaller part again to get them into river, but they bore down our partition fence instead. Some got outside of the corral altogether, and it took much care to prevent them from bearing down the main corral. We removed our partition fence and strengthened the main corral, preparatory to another trial, and, crowding the cattle into it, called all hands to the charge. We this time succeeded in getting nearly all of them into the river. Some got half way across, but all returned to us except seven, which reached the other side, two being caught by the canoes, and seventeen which were drowned. In these sallies, when we huddled up the cattle on the bank and had formed a circle around them, then came the "tug of war." Jump as we would, strike as we would, bawl as we would, threaten as we would, our line was broken. A furious bull would anon rush by, horning and kicking. We were exposed to a broiling sun and enveloped in clouds of dust. The latter article was seized upon by the sweat and we soon presented faces hideous enough to appal either man or beast. Finally, we abandoned our object, stretched a rope across the river, and began

to catch the cattle with the lasso, and tow them across the river by means of bulrush boats pulled by the rope stretched across. On the boats were seated two or three men, some to pull and some to hold the cattle. Two, three or four were taken at one time. Skin canoes were first tried, but did not answer so well. Most of this time I have been guarding the cattle on the north side. This business is extremely hard, the party being divided. On this side I have guarded generally half the night and sometimes nearly all, on horseback, after toiling in sweat, water and great danger through the day. Meantime, the mosquitoes are so abundant, except in the heat of the day and the coldest part of the night, that it was difficult to breathe, and the animals were, of course, very impatient and hard to keep. This afternoon Mr. Young and the main part of our camp came across, and here a new misfortune crowned all others. Mr. Young was driving the cattle with a few men to a new camp. I singled out the pack animal that usually carried our powder from the rest of the horses, to follow the cattle, thinking to secure the ammunition. Driving her along the margin of a bulrush or tule pond she turned about, and, in chasing her, Benj. W. run close upon her outside, and she rushed into the pond and threw off her load, and everything was completely wet, powder entirely lost. Horrors! Now we chased the cattle until after the moon rose, to get them across a little water not more than knee deep. And then the state of camp! Shut the book! The last month,

what has it been? Little sleep, much fatigue! Hardly time to eat, many times! Cattle breaking like so many evil spirits and scattering to the four winds! Men, ill-natured and quarreling, growling and cursing! Have, however, recovered the greater part of the lost cattle and purchased others. Another month like the last, God avert! Who can describe it?

21 July. Sun about two hours high in the afternoon, set out for Herbo Bueno to procure a supply of powder. Slept at R. Livermore's, about 20 miles from camp. 22d. Reached the Pueblo de Santa Clara. Was kindly entertained by William Gulnack. 22. Reached Herbo Bueno, a distance of near 60 miles. 23. Set off between 10 and 11 A. M. and reached the Pueblo late at night. 24. Passing the Mission of St. Joseph's, contracted with Mr. Forbes—two horses, one of which I was riding and the other left at Livermore's. The sale for cattle on good terms. Reached Livermore's with Mr. F. and learned that the horse left there was stolen. 25. Two Spaniards, who had engaged to be here by this time, to assist in driving out cattle, did not comply with their engagement. In the afternoon sent Gay to camp to procure help. 26. Received near 20 head of cattle, and with the assistance received from camp and the two Spaniards, who had now appeared, reached the corral on the bank of the river about sunset. 27. Early in the morning crossed the cattle with some difficulty, and about 12 o'clock took leave of the river San Joachin with the hearty delight of those who are exchanging localities

without dreaming the possibility of suffering by the exchange. (Adios, San Joachin!)

14 August. Reached the Jesus Maria (Bonaventura) with 729 cattle, having lost 15—five drowned and ten tired out—and killed two for beef, making us less 17 since leaving the San Joachin.

Wed. 16 and Thurs. 17. Lay encamped; part of the men hunting elk for provisions. Succeeded in killing some. Dried the meat.

Friday 18. Moved one-half mile to the Bonaventura and encamped. Dressed the feet of the lame cattle, perhaps doing the cattle, upon the whole, more injury than good, besides tiring the horses in chasing them with the lasso. About ten or twelve Indians approached within about three hundred yards of camp. They were shy and four only ventured into camp. We understood them to say that they had once had some difficulty with Mr. La Frombois and that he had killed some of their people. They soon left us. Were unarmed except with bows and arrows. One having his bow strung was made to unstring it.

30 August. This morning, the cattle and horses being recruited by rest and good pasturage, we resolved to try the long dreaded passage across the largest river on our route. Our past difficulties at smaller rivers could not augur well of this. We, however, succeeded without difficulty or loss at a ford discovered the day before. Admirable! every lip said, and every heart responded! In about two hours came upon the trail of Mr. La Frombois, which we intend following.

This morning began traveling among the mountains which separate the valley of the Tulares from that of the Chastas—had some difficulty in following the trail. We have now taken leave of the valley of Tule or Bulrush. Its length is said to be about 500 miles and its breadth upon an average about 60. The soil, so far as my observation extends, is of an excellent quality and immediately on the banks of its rivers superior to any I have seen on the Pacific coast. At this season it presents a parched and uninviting appearance. Large tracts are covered with pebbles, and a great portion of the valley is subject to annual inundations, of which fragments of pine wood and bark where pine trees do not grow is sufficient evidence. The climate, though sometimes very warm, is upon the whole fine, particularly the sea breezes which fan up the evening. Its commercial facilities are admirable. The greatest defect is want of timber, there being scarcely any except dwarfish oaks along the margin of the streams. The intermittent fever sometimes fearfully prevails. Mr. Young informs me that with a trapping party he passed one summer here without having one man sick, but that on his trip to the Columbia 3 years ago with Mr. K—— every one of the company, himself excepted, had this fever. We have in our party had two or three cases. On every hand we see revolting signs of its fearful ravages. About 4 years it prevailed with such mortality that the few survivors of a village sometimes fled from their homes, leaving the village literally strewed with the dead and dying. Mr. Y. says he saw

hundreds lying dead in one village, forsaken by the few survivors, and birds preying upon the uncovered carcasses. This disease seems to have prevailed with like fatality from the Bay of San Francisco to the Columbia river in these fatal times. Previous to 1829 it was unknown in the Columbia. Its greatest mortality seems to have been from about 50 to 100 miles interior. Still the Indians in this valley are numerous. They do not bury their dead, but carry them a few hundred yards from their houses and leave them exposed. Skulls and bones are scattered all around their villages. They live principally upon roots and grass plants. Their abundant use of the latter have led the Californians to say that they live on grass. They appear to be peaceable, and though shy of us have offered us no injury except in two very doubtful cases. The horse guard one night fired on what he took to be an Indian stealing a horse. On another night one of the men said that an Indian crept into camp and stole his gun, but he pursued him and recovered it. Of neither instance have we proof. Their mildness is as much, perhaps, the consequence of want of energy as of any more worthy cause. The men cut off their hair, and live mostly perfectly naked.

26 August. Since last date traveling in the mountains. They appear every day to grow more difficult. "Hills peep over hills and alps on alps." The grass is so generally burned that our animals have become feeble. Our cattle have learned their mastery in the brushy and mountainous road. Our horses are so ex-

hausted from the same causes that they are of more trouble than service. Yesterday as the forward cattle were drove down to the river to drink, being much heated and the bank steep, they got into swimming water and crossed. Nor were they stopped until about a hundred of the best cattle in the band were across. The water being very rapid, it was difficult to get men and horses over. Before we had succeeded, the cattle, weary as they were, had gained the summit of a mountain several thousand feet high. With much difficulty they were recovered. Several of us started in advance to hunt a camp. Myself up the bank, etc.; until I rose the mountain, made for the road. Turner and Tibbets found one, though not good, which we reached after sunset. To-day the mountains grow more brushy, steep and rocky. To-day we have reached a place where there is water, but no grass. Unless grass is found to-morrow, we have every prospect of starvation to our animals. A tremendous mountain rises before us which we fain would have attempted, but Mr. Young, having rode up it for some distance, returned in half an hour swearing that "a still higher mountain was on the top of this." "Now," said he, "if you are a philosopher, show yourself." Animals were of course hard to guard where there was nothing to eat. Some of the men being tired of eating dried meat insisted on killing a beef. Mr. Young did not consent, as he very reasonably did not wish to carry the meat over the high mountains ahead. A very rough and disagreeable quarrel ensued. Some had sworn they would kill

one at all events. Mr. Y. defied them, and told them to "kill one at their peril."

27 August. At daylight this morning we commenced moving camp, and ascended the dreaded mountain, and found another on it after pursuing a ridge about a mile. After ascending this one we had fondly dreamed we would descend into some friendly valley, but when we had gained the summit of this, behold another, and our hearts sickened as we foreboded another still. Our horses were so weak from fatigue and hunger that they were of little use—nay, of more trouble than service. The cattle, too, were laboring under the same disadvantages, and besides were so obstinately lazy that every inch of ground we gained was contested. Hallooing, bawling, stones, clubs, and everything on which we could lay our hands, achieved every inch of our progress. They would turn off from the road, wander down the sides of the mountain, take refuge in the dense brush, stop to fight each other, and in short appeared willing to do anything but go quietly along the trail. Three horses and some of our best cattle tired down on the road. The day was excessively warm, our faces covered and our throats and noses filled with dust. Great thirst was the necessary consequence of intense labor under such circumstances, but it was impossible to get water. Under these circumstances I reached the point of the mountain where the roads turned down to the river. Here were lying some of the men who had driven the first band of cattle. Some of them had gone down the mountain for water. I

myself, supposing there was a spring somewhere on the side of the mountain, started in the pursuit; but after going about two hundred yards, and seeing no indications of water nearer than the river, about a mile distant, three-fourths of which was down the side of a steep mountain, I returned and persuaded the gentry lying in the shade to return with me to assist in driving up the rear cattle. At last the whole party were rendezvoused at this point and we began to descend, and in about 30 or 40 minutes gained the valley. Traveling about two hundred paces we came to a cool and delightful rivulet. Never had I so suffered from thirst as this day, and now I plunged into it with an avidity which frightened myself. At the first hearty draught it did not have the usual taste in my slimy mouth. I perhaps drank three quarts in fifteen minutes. Short sighted man! Happy that his knowledge is not prospective! Else he would not venture upon some of his most ennobling enterprises. Few of our party, perhaps none, would have ventured upon this enterprise could they have foreseen all its difficulties. It boots little to reflect that the future gains will amply compensate for present suffering. Most of the party cursed the day on which they engaged, and would hardly have exchanged a draught of cool water for their expected share of the profits. We encamped 4 or 5 hundred yards from where we had descended into the river valley, at about 4 P. M. Plenty of wood and water, and some grass. A good beef was killed, a part soon cooked and almost as soon consumed, we having

eaten nothing all day. Thrice happy evening, unknown to those who have not known the contrast of the morning! And were it not for that fearful mountain before us we should forget all our toils in our present happy condition; or, if remembered, only remembered to endear our present enjoyments. But meantime another quarrel with Wood and Mr. Y. about the beef. Our horses were so exhausted, for the first time on our trip we guarded them and the cattle on foot.

28 August. Remained encamped during the day to recruit our animals, though there was but little grass. Some of the men returned and recovered two horses that were left by the way yesterday.

29 August. At daylight this morning began our march, and ascended a mountain as high as any we had yet encountered. The road as difficult and the cattle as weak and stubborn as on the last day's march. The horses so weak that nearly all the driving was done on foot. Nearly every inch of progress has been gained by the use of clubs, sticks, stones, and bawling. When we had gained the summit of the mountain we stopped about an hour for the cattle to eat grass and rest. The descent was about a mile and a half or two miles, and sometimes very abrupt. When we had proceeded about half way down three Indians came to us, and to encourage us said, "Go on, there are no more mountains ahead." Though not much accustomed to believe in Indian veracity, this assertion produced a shout among us. And "Thank the

Lord," came from lips not much accustomed to devotion. The first impulse of my own heart was to halloo aloud and echo the news, the second to exhibit my unusual gratitude to the naked savage who brought us the welcome tale. The happy tidings soon spread along our line and gave us all new life. Even our cattle seemed to catch the prevailing passion, and we were all huddled in a trice to the mountain's base. Our animals and ourselves here drank freely of a beautiful stream. Three cows were here left; we suppose they were poisoned on the mountain. We now had about two miles to go around and over the point of a mountain before reaching camp. The brush was very dense and there were several difficult ravines. Every inch was contested and achieved only by the exertion of all our strength. We at length found grass and water, and upon the whole the most pleasant encampment since we entered the mountains. Our labor to-day was only surpassed by that of the former. We did not suffer for water, otherwise it equals any other.

30 August. Lay encamped all day.

31 August. Moved camp, and counting cattle ascertained that we have lost 49 since leaving the Jesus Maria (Bonaventura.)

3 September. Since the last date we have been making short marches, and camping wherever we could find small parcels of grass. Our fond expectation of getting out of these mountains each successive day has been delusive. Lofty mountains have been exchanged for deep and difficult ravines, and our

labor little diminishes. I reckon yesterday the most laborious day to myself since beginning the trip, my bones aching from exertion and my lungs painful from hallooing. Since last date have lost seven cattle and two horses. The horses for the first time were suffered to go unguarded last night. This morning found that two horses were missing—one, Mr. Y.'s favorite saddle horse, and one of B. Williams'. The horses were found near the top of a high mountain on our left, whither they had gone in quest of grass. Mr. Y. had much difficulty in driving them down to camp. It was thought possible that the two lost horses had been stolen, but more probable that they had been left by the way in the brush yesterday. The cattle were very impatient, having scarcely anything to eat, so that I was kept running all the morning till about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 to prevent them from wandering, though not my guard. Moved about three miles, and, finding grass, encamped. Mr. Young, B. Williams and Tibbets returned in quest of the lost horses, and return, sun $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours high, after a hard day's walk, having found the two horses. They had been unmolested by the Indians, as well as two bulls tired down by the way, one of which they also brought on. To-day, Turner and Gay went in advance about six miles to examine the road, and reported favorably, having found several parcels of grass at which we can recruit our animals. They also opportunely found 130 Indian trade balls—will probably be needed. A repulsive mountain

still lies before us. The report, however, is favorable; we may not cross it.

4 September. Moved $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to fresh grass. Camped. Some of the wretched cattle wandered to the very summit of a high mountain on our right, and were got down with much difficulty.

6 September. Remained encamped all day. With the hope of finding mountain sheep and gratifying my curiosity, about 8 o'clock I set off with Henry Wood to climb a towering stony peak on a high mountain about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile before us. Depo had gone before, and the frequent report of his gun induced us to hurry off, thinking he was in the midst of game. We were upwards of an hour toiling up the mountain, when we gained the summit of ridge which led to the stony peak at which we were aiming. Here we were so thoroughly fatigued that we were glad to shelter ourselves from the wind under the side of the ridge to rest, and both in a short time fell asleep. After an hour's rest we renewed our progress, and began to ascend the elevation on which stood the stony peak. With much difficulty we clambered up the rocks within 50 feet of the summit. But what appeared one peak from the valley, now proved to be four or five. The ascent of the highest was impracticable, but we gained the summit of the second in height, and were even now sufficiently elevated to gaze with caution upon the fearful depth below. We are now near the summit of a peak which we had supposed, when in the valley, would command a view of the surrounding

scenery, but from this abrupt elevation we now saw ourselves encompassed by awful mountain barriers. On every hand "Alps on Alps arise" and mingle with the clouds. There appears but one way of exit, along which it appears we must travel. After rolling off stones awhile to see them tumble and smash below, and being very cold, we began to descend. The peak is massive granite. Reach camp in about an hour and a half, tired enough to wish the romantic granite peak at "Nova Zembla," having seen no game at all.
Chagrin pour la terre!

6 September. Moved about 8 miles—road very brushy and difficult. Camped at a spring apparently impregnated with ferruginous matter. Traveling along a bank which sloped abruptly towards the river, a loose mare slipped and stopped not till she reached the bottom. On hearing of this, I returned to see if she could be got out, but could find nothing of her. She had probably struggled into the current and been carried away. Poor horses! They have become too weak, and their feet are so sore that they dread to move, and passing along the side of the river to-day some crossed to evade their drivers, and they frequently tried to conceal themselves in the brush. This is the first encampment, since entering the mountains, known to any of our party. It is said we shall reach Chasta Valley in three or four days. Grass not very plenty. The mineral spring above named possesses purgative properties; animals very fond of it. About 12, Ind. house vacant.

7 September. Moved about a mile, and found a

better encampment for our animals than any we have found since leaving the San Joaquin.

8 & 9 September. Lay encamped. Our animals rapidly recruiting. For the last five or six days we have seen no Indians. The country is perhaps the line between the Indians of the valley and those of the mountains, though sometimes occupied by one or the other, or perhaps held in common. The Indians of the mountains do not appear to be numerous, having never seen more than 15 at one time. They are unoffending and friendly. I was particularly pleased with their language. The enunciation is peculiarly clear and distinct, and entirely free from the harsh gutturals to which I have been accustomed in Indian languages. Like all American savages before they have had much intercourse with white men, they exhibit a great propensity for long and high toned harangues. That we did not understand them was no consideration. One old man, after seating himself in silence and smoking his pipe with much formality, raised his voice to its highest key and began as follows: "In yonder mountains I was born. There I sucked my mother's breast. There he had grown up," and, doubtless, many other items of equal importance, could we have understood him. I never failed in getting a grave harangue when I addressed one of these mountain orators. We have been frequently scattered along the road for a mile or two, where there was dense brush on all sides, and, of course, much exposed. Indeed, we have been much at their mercy, but they have

offered no injury either to ourselves or property. On counting our cattle correctly, ascertained that our present number was six hundred and eighty, making our previous loss less than we had supposed.

10 September. Moved about five miles, and finding excellent grass encamped, and remained the 11th.

12 September. Made a long and difficult march, and gained the long wished for Chasta Valley; began to leave in the rear our old acquaintance, the snowy peak, with feelings of anything but regret. Lost two horses, one of which was a pack animal with the pack on; was found back at camp. After traveling about 3 miles in the valley, we began to feel some solicitude about Wood and Jim, who had returned in pursuit of the horses, and halted for them. In about 15 minutes they appeared, and we pursued our way. Long march to-day.

13 September. Made an early move and halted on a stream—tributary to Rogue's river. We here eat breakfast, gave our animals a few hours to eat, and moved until after sunset, and reached a good encampment—distance, 20 miles. Mr. Young had supposed, on leaving the place at which we halted for breakfast, that the distance to this place was not more than 3 or 4 miles, but it proved to be 8 or 10. Once started, we were obliged to go through.

14 September. Moved camp about 10 o'clock, and after traveling 5 miles crossed Chasta river. About 5 miles further, encamped; but little grass and water for our animals. About two miles before reaching

camp, five or six Indians came to us in a friendly manner, and one, accompanied by a boy about 10 years old, followed us to camp. There had been frequent threats on the way that Indians would be killed as soon as we had crossed Chasta river, and I had heard threats of killing this one while he was following us. It had generally passed as idle braggadocio, and I was hoping that present threats were of the same sort. I, nevertheless, intended telling Mr. Young. In the hurry, however, of unpacking I could not do it unobserved. We had just let loose our horses and sat, when a gun was fired just behind me. Gay and the Indian were sitting within ten feet of each other, when the former shot. The Indian sprang up to run when Bailey also shot at him. The Indian ran about 20 paces and fell dead, down the hill. Some of the scoundrels now hallooed, "Shoot the boy! Shoot the boy!" The little fellow, however, turned a point of rocks, plunged in the brush, and, as he was not pursued, he escaped. They afterwards alleged it was only to prevent his spreading the news. At the sound of the gun, Mr. Young asked vehemently, "What's that?" and began censuring the act. I sprang up, calling it a mean, base, dastardly act, and that such men were not to be depended upon in danger! Bailey retorted, "Are you to be depended upon in danger?" I replied, "Yes." "We'll see," said he. I said, "Yes." Carmichael was one of the first to censure the murder, but he now joined others against me. "We are not missionaries," said he, "we will avenge the death of

Americans." Mr. Young and myself soon saw that it was of no use to wrangle. Some of the party were silent—most were in favor of the act. Only one that I recollect spoke against it. Turner, Gay and Bailey were three of four survivors of a party of eight men who had been defeated at the next river, and several of the survivors were much mangled. Turner's wife had also escaped. This they allege as their justification. But the murder was committed four days before reaching the place of their defeat, and the Indians may have been of another tribe. Nor could any consideration of private revenge, allowing its legality in itself, authorize endangering the property of others. We must now prepare ourselves for fighting our way through the hostile Indians. This fool act, as Mr. Young said, "cost us half our animals." One act of barbarity is not to be omitted. Camp and Pat stripped the Indian of his skin clothing, and left him lying naked. The Indian had a bow and about 10 or 15 arrows. Only two arrows in the pouch had stone points.

15 September. Moved before sunrise—road brushy and difficult. Had much difficulty in ascending the brushy hill. The cattle were to-day driven in three bands. The first ascended with little trouble—the second, which I was assisting to drive, with more. Some of the third band were unable to get up and were shot by the drivers. The two first bands of cattle had halted until the arrival of the third. After allowing a half hour for rest, Mr. Young gave orders to march. Some

of the drivers, however, had become displeased because he had not stopped in the valley below, and now did not pay any attention to his orders. Here a most horrid quarrel ensued. Curses, guns and knives were bandied for 15 minutes. Turner, Gay, Carmichael and Bailey were the principal speakers against Mr. Young. Myself and Depo tried to quash the business; others were silent and apparently indifferent. Here we were, in a most difficult pass, where a dozen Indians might have killed the half of us and numbers of our animals before we could gain a good road, and no doubt we would here have been attacked if the Indians had had time to collect. Property of a very exposed nature was to be protected, and besides we were in equal danger from each other. We now had much difficulty in driving through the dense wood down the brushy hill for about a mile. We then gained a prairie, and as there was a gentle declivity, nearly all the afternoon we traveled without much further difficulty, until two hours before sunset, when we encamped; little grass. At night strengthened the guards, putting five men on each instead of four. My station was beyond the brook on which we were camped, to prevent the Indians from firing into camp or among the horses from the brush in that quarter. About an hour after I had taken my place, the moon having just risen, I observed about five Indians stealing along the wood around a small hill to the east, seemingly with the intention of getting into the brush near camp. Having a double-barreled fowling-piece, I fired one barrel, which brought them

to a halt. The discharge of the second was a signal for their retreat the way they came. I now hastened to reload my gun, but could get no powder out of my horn. Supposing it was empty I hastened to camp to refill it, but could get none in. And now I found that a rag which I had wrapped around the stopple had slipped off and stopped up the horn. The guards were again strengthened by addition of another man to each, which took all the party for the guards of one night except two, which two had no guns. No further molestation during the night. About 2 o'clock P. M., as we were passing a difficult place between the mountains on our left covered with dense brush, and a thick wood on our right, the horses and cattle being scattered along for a mile, hollooming and a shot in the rear announced an attack. I was at this time carrying a young calf before me on the horse, with the forward band of cattle, because its mother would not remain behind. At the above signal I hastened forward to place the calf with its mother, and to acquaint Mr. Young, and then returned to the assistance of the rear. The horses being foremost were not molested, as well as the forward band of cattle. The attack was made from each side of the road. Five or six head of cattle were wounded, but only one killed. This one was able to travel out into the open plain, where she was butchered, and as we needed a beef it happened just at the right time. In this attack the enemy were so well concealed that not one was seen until we had gained the open plain, when a few showed themselves on the

hill, but beyond the reach of gunshot. Camped on a small brook, in the edge of the brush—had the same guards as the last night.

September 17. Moved after breakfast. A few arrows were shot at us from a thick wood on our right. Nothing was injured, however, but the riding horse of B. Williams, into the right hip of which an arrow was shot, but without much injury. Camped in an open plain, where there was no water for our animals; but a small spring about four hundred yards distant supplied our wants.

September 18. Moved about sunrise. Indians were observed running along the mountains to our right. There could be no doubt that they were intending to attack us at some difficult pass. Our braves occasionally fired on them when there was a mere possibility of doing any execution. About 12 o'clock, as we were in a strong and brushy pass between the river on the right and a mountain covered with wood on the left, firing and yelling in front announced an attack. Mr. Young, apprehensive of an attack at this pass, had gone in advance to examine the brush and ravine, and returned without seeing Indians. On making further search he found them posted on each side of the road. After the firing of four guns, the forward cattle having halted and myself, having arrived with the rear, I started forward, but orders met me in front that no others should leave the cattle, Mr. Young, feeling himself able, with two or three men already with him, to rout the Indians. In the struggle Gay

was wounded in the back by an arrow. Two arrows were shot into the riding horse of Mr. Young while he was snapping his gun at an Indian not more than ten yards off. To save his horse he had dismounted and struck him on the head, but he refused to go off, and received two arrows probably shot at his master. Having another brushy place to pass, about four or five of us went in advance, but were not molested. Camped on the spot where Turner and party were defeated two years ago. Soon after, the men on day guard said they had seen three Indians in a small grove about three hundred yards from camp. About half of the party went, surrounded the grove, some of them fired into it, and others passed through it, but could find no Indians. At night all the horses nearly famished as they were tied up. Night set in dark, cloudy and threatening rain, so that the guards could hardly have seen an Indian ten paces off, until the moon arose about ten o'clock. I was on watch the first half of the night.











